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LITTLE FOLKS

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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

LITTLE SUMMER BOARDERS.

LITTLE FOLKS

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A DOLLS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

MARY Cary and Annie Oliver, and Agnes Scott, and Lucy Browne, had come, one at a time, with their dolls, to Bessie Miller's, Number 44, to ask about a Dolls' Boarding House.

It all happened in this way. One night when Bessie Miller was gathering up her own dolls to undress and put to bed, she said, "Now I think it is too bad! Some of the girls are going away with their mothers this summer, and their mothers' trunks are too full to take more than one doll in a trunk, and the others have to be left, all alone!"

Her big brother Jamie looked up from his lesson-book. "Why don't you keep a Dolls' Boarding-House?" he asked her. "Miss Clarke, next street, takes in cats to keep while their owners are away. Why not take in dolls?"

"Yes, Bessie, why not?" said her sister Ruth. "What good times you would have with the dolls!"

"Miss Clarke puts a notice in the papers," said Jamie.

"That would never do for us," said Ruth. "We might be crowded out of the house."

Bessie's mother entered into the little plan, and advised that Bessie print a notice on a card and drop the card in at some front door where children lived, and they would tell other children, and thus the news would spread. And it happened just so.

The first one to arrive was Mary Carey, with her Dolly-Ann hugged very close. She wanted to know if dolls that had their heads part way off could come. Dolly-Ann's was not very much off, but it tipped over some.

Bessie said Dolly-Ann could come, all the same, and would be

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well taken care of, poor dear! just the place for Dolly-Ann!

In the course of a week more than twenty dolls and rag-babies were brought to Bessie. All those coming from the same family, large or small, were to be taken for a cent a week, for the lot.

The question was, "Where should they sleep?" The crib Bessie used to sleep in would be too small for them all to lie down in. But Bessie's mother thought those having stiff legs might be stood up, inside, against the railing.

"Oh dear!" said Bessie, almost crying, "they could not sleep standing up!—and some of them have their sawdust coming out!"

Yet at last the small cot-bed was placed in a corner of Bessie's room. A ridge all around next to the wall, was made, for a pillow; and the first night when the dolls had been put to bed, the people looked in at the door to see.

It had been agreed that those whose clothes were made to take off should be undressed every night, and dressed in the morning. This was fun for Bessie, but it took so long that cousin Maude came in to help.

Not a doll brought her carriage, yet it was in the agreement that they must go out to ride. What should be done about that?

"Bring down from the attic the old carriage Bessie used to ride in when she was a doll—I mean a baby!" said Bessie's mother.

"Just the thing!" said Ruth, and down came the old baby-carriage. The dolls, with their outdoors things on, were placed close together all around inside. Just for fun, Agnes Scott's great rag-baby was seated on top, outside, well tied down; and some smaller ones, on each side of her and behind, had their legs put through the top, in good places. Jamie slyly tucked in a flag, at the back, to wave in the breeze.

Maude and Bessie made a good span as they trotted along. They went down the shadiest sidewalks, and at length found themselves in a very mean-looking street, with very poor-looking bareheaded children, some barefoot, and all seeming to be living outdoors.

"Circus coming!" cried one little black-eyed girl, and soon there was quite a procession behind, and others running along-

DRESSED FOR THE DAY.

side the carriage, staring at the dolls, saying, "See! See! See all these!"

Bessie and Maude stopped to let them look, then turned back, the procession following for quite a way, some of them saying, "Please give me one?"

Said Bessie, "If they were mine I would."

"Now *I* think these dolls ought to go on a picnic," said Jamie

one morning, as Bessie and Maude were standing by the great arm chair where the dolls sat after being dressed for the day.

"Well," said Ruth, "we will take them to the grove, and invite the next-house little girls to go along."

"Then I must be making some cookies," said Bessie's mother.

"Yes!" said Ruth.

"And I will wheel over at cookey-time," said Jamie, "and try the cookies and make some lemonade."

It was a merry picnic. The doll boarders had wreaths made

"SEE, SEE THE CIRCUS!"

for them, also small swings, just right to be swung in They had their naps under an overhanging grapevine.

Bessie's mother could not go, but while they were all away she had a happy thought. It was to buy a lot of small dolls, not costly ones, and invite in some girls for an afternoon, each to bring pretty pieces, silk, ribbon, lace, muslin. And Ruth would ask in a few of *her* girls to cut out, and all together they would dress the dolls, and next day Bessie and Maude would take them in the baby-carriage down to the mean-looking street and when the poor small children came running along, why then a doll

should be given to each little girl, for her very own to keep.

This was all done. The baby-carriage, well-filled, started off as before, except that instead of one flag at the back, Jamie had stuck little tots of flags all around. Ruth and her girls, and the girls that helped dress the dolls, walked a little behind, on the other side of the street, in order to *see the circus.* The street children kept along with the Show, as before, and when the dolls were given to them, and with each a tiny tot of a flag, they just stood still and stared with delight—the *thank you's* coming thick and fast and loud; and then every child darted indoors to show her treasures.

And these are some of the good times Bessie and the others had while she was keeping a Dolls' Boarding-House.

Abby Morton Diaz.

THE MAGIC CIRCUS.

One time we had a circus play,
And all the grown folks had to pay.
We wrote some posters big that read:

"*Come see us stand upon our head!*
We'll never move, and yet you'll see
Each boy upon his head will be!
And then we'll give you a surprise—
We'll wrinkled grow before your eyes!"

We took the grown folks after school,
To see our circus by the pool.

There in the water, hand-in-hand,
We seemed upon our heads to stand;
Then 'cross the pond the breezes blew,
And in a trice we wrinkled grew.

Helen Chaffee.

"WE CAN GUARD OUR COUNTRY'S COLORS!"

UNCLE SAM'S YOUNG ARMY.

(*Children's flag-song for Independence Day.*)

WE are Uncle Sam's young army
And we're twenty million strong—
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching, right along!
Not one coward is among us,
Every heart is staunch and true;
And although we are but children,
Yet there's something we can do—
We can guard our country's colors,
Raise them high with cheer and song!
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

Well we know the splendid stories
Of the brave deeds of the past,
And our country we have promised
That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her,
True in every word and deed,
That we may be worthy of her
When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
Proud that to us they belong—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

And although the smoke of battle
Shadows our dear land today,
Still we little color-bearers
With the flag can light the way;
See, how glad are all to cheer it!
Praises come from every mouth.
One great nation kneels to bless it,
East and West and North and South.

All together we are marching,
Marching, marching right along—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army
And we're twenty million strong!

Lilla Thomas Elder.

THE PATRIOTIC BIRDS.

WHEN the orioles came back this spring from their winter in the South they found a very patriotic little family awaiting them at Beacon Hill Ranche.

Boy Ben feels a personal interest in naval matters for he is named for his grandfather, who was an officer in the navy, and he had placed on the top of the wood-pile a little flag to "show his colors" in imitation of the big flag which had been waving from the tall windmill tower ever since war was declared.

In the cottonwood tree beside this windmill the orioles every year build their hanging home-nest. With the first gleam of the orioles' black and gold plumage through the green trees the little Welcomes place in plain sight around this tree their strings for them to use in nest building. What more natural this year than to choose all these materials in the national colors? So from clothes-line, bush and hedge, over twigs, or sightly places around the house, fluttered bits and strings of red, white and blue.

The children came in delighted to "tell mama" when the orioles made their first choice — they had watched closely to see which color the orioles liked the best. Blue was their first choice, white next, and red last. But they used all the colors skillfully with the commoner materials of an oriole's nest.

And now beneath the big flag on the windmill tower, there swings from the topmost boughs of the cottonwood tree the patriotic little hanging nest of the orioles — the beautiful colors of our flag showing through the green.

Florence A. Haskell.

BETSEY'S EVENING IN THE WOODS.

THE story I am about to write is a *true* story, but it happened many, many years ago.

Little Betsey, who had this adventure, told me the story herself when she was a white-haired grandmother, eighty years old.

Her father and mother with ten children, moved into the forests of New Jersey when that country was full of bears and wolves. They came there in the early spring, and father, mother and children all went to work: first a house of logs was to be built; then trees were to be cut, and brush piled, to clear the ground so they could plant something to eat the coming winter. They had no horses—only a yoke of oxen; and they had one cow.

The family worked hard all summer long; but by the time cold weather came they had harvested a nice little crop of potatoes, corn, pumpkins, squashes and turnips.

They had no pasture "fenced off," so they had to drive the cattle into the woods every morning and go after them every night. The cow wore a bell, so it was not hard to find them, and sometimes all three would come home themselves.

They were getting along very well; then, suddenly one after another, the family fell sick with fever-and-ague, until there came a day when all were down in bed excepting Betsey—a little girl only eleven years old.

Now wasn't that a dreadful state of affairs, for a little girl, with the nearest neighbor five miles away? Little Betsey had to be cook, washer-woman, dairy-maid and nurse.

But little Betsey was healthy, strong and used to hardships. She had been taught to work and had worked like a little woman, and now she took up every one of her duties in the house and out, as a matter of course.

Attending to the cow was the hardest one. She gave her a feed of pumpkins night and morning in order to coax her home, for she knew she would be too tired and too busy to go after her, besides it wouldn't be quite safe on account of the many fierce wild animals in the woods.

One night "bossy" did not come home at milking-time. Betsey waited till dusk hoping she might come, fearing that she wouldn't, and dreading what she knew she must do. Milk *must* be had to make porridge for the eleven sick ones. Her father and mother said, "Don't go; we can get along without porridge to-night."

Betsey knew they couldn't. She went, taking Jock with her. Jock was the family dog, a short-legged shaggy fellow with considerable pluck, and always very true and trusty.

JOCK STAYED BY HER.

Betsey was fleet and sure-footed, and she ran with all her might—Jock could hardly keep up with her. Once into the depth and gloom of the forest, she stopped and listened. Yes! there was the faintest tinkle of the bell, but oh, such a long way off—deep, deep in the great woods.

On she flew along the dim cattle path, stumbling often over roots and broken branches, for it was dark now. On! on! with her heart in her mouth—but the tinkle of the bell was nearer

now. A little farther, and she came right on the truant cow slowly wending her way homeward, with the two lazy oxen behind her.

Almost at the same moment, the howl of a wolf off in the forest at her right was answered by another off at the left. Betsey could only leave the oxen to get home or not as they could. She caught "bossy" by the tail, and shouted to make her run. And how the cow did run! Little Betsey sailed on behind, drawn on with a force that fairly took her breath away! Wolves seemed to her to spring up out of the ground on every side. The air seemed full of howls and barkings. Bossy-cow, little girl and small dog all ran for their lives, and somewhere behind them, the oxen came breaking along through the darkness and the woods.

(The wolves really were following them and really were very close, but for some mysterious reason they did not make an attack.)

All at once Betsey's foot caught in a vine. She was thrown headlong, and lost her grip on the cow's tail. "Bossy," finding herself rid of her burden, bounded on into the darkness leaving her poor little mistress all bruised and frightened and gasping for breath; to find her way home if she could. Jock stayed by her, yet with many a bark and whine seemed to say "Oh, my dear mistress, do get up! do run faster!" And Betsey did get up and limp along as fast as she could, the faint cowbell for a guide.

Suddenly a bright light shot up in the distance, sending bright rays into the forest. A second, a third and a fourth light appeared. Betsey well knew the signals, and courage came back to her heart.

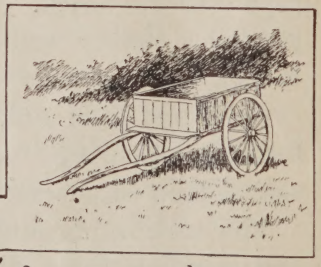
Just one half mile farther and Betsey staggered into her father's "clearing" and fell right down on the ground—but safe within the friendly circle of burning brush-piles.

Her sick father and brothers had crawled out of their beds and kindled these fires for her, for they knew that all wild beasts are afraid of fire, and to show her the way home.

L. E. R. Lambrigger.

Where was the Little White Dog?

IX

Teddy woke up early, with the the next morning. "Why, where am I?" he said. "You are in the circus ," said the little yellow dog who slept next to him. "Shall I like it?" asked Teddy. They could understand each other very well, you see. "No, I don't think you will," said the yellow dog. "You will have to learn to ride on the ponies' backs, and jump through , and climb , and many hard things." "I will run away!" said Teddy. And when he and the yellow and the rest were called to breakfast, he dashed off suddenly, jumped up on a  near by, and then over the fence, and away.

Down the road he went as if he had

But no one came after him. It was dusty, and the was hot. Teddy hid behind a "I will follow the first person who comes by," he thought. And the first person who came was a little old lady with a and a black silk on her arm. She walked very slowly, and Teddy followed her till they came to a .

In the gate went the old lady and up to the front while Teddy crept round to the back. There was a big yard, and in one corner a beautiful large with the door wide open. It looked so tempting! And in five minutes, where was the little but fast asleep in the strange dog's fine house!

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—MORNING.

(*The Second Prize, Class "Funny," in the Little Folks Prize Photograph Competition,*

PERCY'S FOURTH.

(*Morning and Night.*)

LAST Fourth I planned for a rousing time,
I saved for it 'most all year;
And I laid awake the night before
To see if the day'd be clear.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—NIGHT.

was awarded, for the two photographs here given, to Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Well; by sun-up I'd burnt my thumb,
I'd scorched my heel and a toe,
I'd singed the hair off half of my head
With a cannon that wouldn't go.

And then I sat on the coal of fire
We lighted our crackers at,

And burned a hole in my Sunday pants,
As big as my Sunday hat.

And it burnt me too. You needn't laugh!
I couldn't sit down for days.
By night I went in and went to bed—
I was burnt so many ways!

So I missed the "works" and all the rest—
I made up my mind right then,
I'd never try the Fourth of July
To have any fun again!

May Donaldson McKitrick.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.—Captain Kidd's Picnic.

THE next morning Judith found that Ned was going to town by the early boat, and she decided that they would dig that day, for she preferred to do it when Ned was away.

Before they started down to the beach, Judy had a very pleasant talk with her mother. Then she went up and borrowed a large tin horn of Mr. Lockman, which he used for talking through when he needed to speak to anyone from the top of the lighthouse. "We'll blow it," she told her mother, "when we find the treasure!" (But that was not quite the whole reason.)

Fred and Nancy were very much excited when they saw the curious mark, for Judith had not shown them the rock before; not even when they had helped carry down the shovels and pails. They were very anxious to begin the moment they saw the mark.

"Let's dig right off!" said Fred, and he was going to put his spade down deep in the sand.

But Judith grabbed it by the handle. "No, indeed! We mustn't dig until just twelve o'clock—I've brought the old silver watch so I can tell the exact minute."

And Judith tugged at a ribbon that was round her neck, and pulled up the watch from under the waist of her frock. They were all looking at it with great admiration, and Tom was holding it to his ear, when Judy cried out again.

"Gracious!" she said. "I was forgetting all about it—we have got to have our mouths tied up so we can't talk!"

And Judy pulled out of her pocket four large India silk handkerchiefs, of yellow silk, with red figures on them. She made them into bandages, one for each of them, by laying them on the sand and folding them from corner to corner, making them about three inches wide.

"*Why* mustn't we speak?" asked Fred, eying the bandages.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Judy. "They all say we mustn't, even Ned says we mustn't, so I suppose we mustn't."

"I bet you'll speak first," said Fred.

"That was what I was afraid I'd do," said Judith meekly, "and so I brought the handkerchiefs. Who'll be tied up first?" And she held out a bandage.

No one answered, and all looked at one another. "Well, of all things!" exclaimed Judith at last. "Here, tie *me* up!" She put the handkerchief across her mouth and held out the ends to Fred. "Tie it, but don't tie it in a hard knot."

Fred struggled with the bandage for a while, and then said, "I know what kind of a knot you want, but I can't tie it." So Nancy tied it, with a nice bow-knot.

Judith turned around. She looked odd enough, with the red and yellow silk hiding all the lower part of her face. She pushed it down, away from her nose. "I can't breathe!" she said in a muffled voice.

"You're talking!" said Fred.

"We hav'n't begun yet," said Judy.

Then Judy tied up the others. Nancy began to gasp and pant at once. "I can't breathe at all," she said fiercely, "and it's so hot!" And she pushed the handkerchief down from her mouth.

"Nancy!" Judith said severely, "you can't expect to be comfortable when you're digging for Captain Kidd's things. You can take it off as soon as we get the box out of the hole, or the bag, or whatever it is."

"Well, I'll try to keep it on, Judy," said Nancy.

"My goodness!" cried Judith, looking at the watch. "It's one minute of twelve! Now everybody fix their bandages, and when I put my spade in, all begin to dig as hard as you can and don't speak—whatever you do, don't speak!"

Judy held the watch in her hand an instant longer, then dropped it inside her frock and seized her spade. All four spades seemed to aim to plunge into the same place, and Judy had to motion to each where to dig, so as to cut a large square hole. They couldn't, however, dig quite a square hole, for the rock was in the way, but they started one as square as they could, and dug steadily for about three minutes, throwing the sand behind them. Then came signs of distress. Nancy lifted her apron and wiped as much of her face as the handkerchief left uncovered, and the boys drew their arms across their foreheads as the perspiration began to trickle into their eyes.

Judy felt very warm too, but she kept on digging. They had small iron spades, which they used to built forts with, or to work in the gardens, or to dig clams. She dug on, so steadily, that the others soon took up their spades again. There was already a big pile of sand behind them, and now as they threw back more, they hit one another's shins quite often. Tom repressed a yell with difficulty, as Judy gave him an especially sharp scrape.

Suddenly Judy's spade struck something hard. It rang like metal.

"Hail Columbia!" cried Fred. "There *is* something buried here!"

Judy let her spade fall. "Now you've gone and done it," said she, "and the box'll disappear!"

"Oh dear, let's all speak then," said Nancy. "I'm hotter than a frizzling clam!"

She threw down her spade, and so did Tom. But Fred was

scraping away at the bottom of the hole. "Hi!" he said, suddenly. "It didn't disappear at all! Here it is!" And with his spade he hit something that gave out a resounding *whang*!

In wild but perfectly silent excitement, all began to dig again, and in a moment they had uncovered part of a box. Judith felt scared—she didn't know how the others felt until Nancy looked in, and then threw down her spade, half crying. "Oh, *don't* open it!" she sobbed. "There might be something perfectly awful in it!"

They looked at one another in a sort of awe. Then Judy picked up her spade and began to throw the sand off the box. "I am going to see what is in it," she said.

Visions of gold necklaces and crosses set with bright diamonds flitted through her head. She was already dividing them, and saving out the best of all for her mother, when in digging around the box her spade caught fast in a corner of it. When she tried to free it the spade came up with a jerk, and the cover of the box flew off and turned over on its side. There lay the contents all open to view.

Judy leaned down over the hole. She looked closely—then she fell back on the sand, with both hands over her face.

The others crowded over the hole.

"Oh!" screamed Nancy. "I told you it would be something perfectly awful! oh, oh, cover it up!"

"Christopher Columbus!" yelled Fred. Then he sat down on the nearest rock and screamed with laughter. Judy began to laugh too.

"What is it?" asked Tom, pressing up to the hole, crowding in between Judy and Nancy. "Let me see, too, won't you?"

"Oh Tom," cried Judy laughing so that she could hardly be understood; "it's Friskarina! don't you remember the malty kitten that died in fits the day we went home last fall? See, it's got the blue ribbon on, and the bell!"

Judy took hold of Tom's arm, and pulled him nearer so that he could see, and he peered into the box. There lay a poor dried-up little kitten, a bit of ribbon with a bell on it, around its neck.

Nancy pressed forward to look again. "I'd forgotten all about

"HERE, TIE ME UP!" SAID JUDY.

her," she said. "She was a dear little kitten. Are you sure it's Friskarina?"

"Oh dear, yes," said Judy. "And I was so sorry the boat was going before I could take off the bell and ribbon—but Ned wouldn't let me wait."

"Judith Britton!" said Nancy, "would you forget a dead kitten and use its things for another cat?"

Judith looked hurt. "I didn't say I wanted them for another cat. I should always like to have the bell and ribbon that such a dear little cat as Friskarina wore! Dear me!" she added suddenly, with a start. She didn't answer for a minute or two, when Fred spoke to her.

"Didn't you know she was buried on the beach, Judy?"

"No, Fred," she said at last, "but I guess Ned did—I guess I know what has made him laugh so! Well, let's fill up the hole! Come! Make your spades fly now!"

Fred knocked the cover into place and they soon had filled up the hole that they had dug with such hope. "Isn't it *too* bad!" Judy said as she gave the sand a final stamp. "The rock had such a queer mark I thought that we should find something beautiful!"

"Well," said Tom, his bright brown eyes looking very thoughtful, "I am glad we didn't. Captain Kidd was a robber you know. He didn't *own* those things! He robbed to get them!"

"That's so," said Judy. "I never thought of that. There! I'm glad we didn't find one single thing!" And then she jumped up, and caught up the long tin horn, and blew a blast on it that was quite surprising for a little girl.

"What's that for!" they asked.

"You'll see!" said Judy.

In about a minute Mary appeared at the top of the bank with a big basket.

Then announced Judy, "This is a picnic. Mother said it should be a great day in every way."

They helped Mary spread the cloth on a little table under a shelter that they always spoke of as "the arbor." It was really just a sloping roof set on some very strong supports in the sand.

There the children played when the sun was hot on the white sand. There they built fires and sizzled clams, and there they had picnics on any day that they agreed to call "a great day." As Judith had named it "the arbor," they carried down branches of trees and set them up, and renewed them as they withered.

Mary unpacked the basket, and among other thing was a tin pail of clams to sizzle!

It was indeed a famous picnic—lots of bread and butter, for each one a tiny glass of quince marmalade, plenty of milk in bottles, delicious ginger cakes, besides butter and pepper and salt for the clams when they had sizzled themselves done in their shells in the roasting ashes of the hot driftwood fire which they helped Mary build—they had the clams for dessert.

They always afterwards said that "Captain Kidd's Picnic" was the best picnic they ever had.

When Captain Britton came home from town, not long after the children were in, Judith met him at the gate.

"Father," she said, "we dug for Captain Kidd's treasure to-day."

"Did you find anything?" asked the Captain, laughing.

"We found a box," said Judith quite solemnly.

"Found a box!" said the Captain, opening his eyes. "Was there anything *in* the box?"

"Friskarina, the malty kitten that died last fall the day we went up to town," said Judy.

Of course the major, too, had to be told, and Mr. Lockman the lighthouse keeper, and they both laughed a little; and then Captain Britton said Judy need not feel too ashamed of having dug for Captain Kidd's treasure, for hundreds of men up and down the Atlantic coast had done the same thing. "And now," said he, "if you'll meet me to-morrow morning, after I come up from my swim, I'll show you some real treasures, underground treasures too, and give them to you for your very own."

Not another word would he say; and the children went to bed wondering, for they knew that some delightful surprise was coming. It proved to be even more delightful in its ending than they, or anybody else, dreamed.

Katharine B. Foot.

(*To be Continued.*)

HIS FIRST FIRE CRACKER.

DOROTHY'S TORPEDOES.

DOROTHY was a dear little girl. She had auburn hair and big gray eyes, pink cheeks, too, with dimples.

Dorothy wasn't very old; in fact, she was so very young that she couldn't remember any other Fourth of July at all. But this year she heard Kenneth planning about the Fourth and what he was going to buy, and she announced that she wanted some "shoot-things" too.

So the day before the Fourth of July, when Kenneth went with his papa to buy his fire-crackers, a small package of torpedoes was purchased also, and sent home with the larger bundle, for Dorothy.

Kenneth himself had a contempt for torpedoes. He liked bombs, and cannon, and red heads—still he knew how to buy torpedoes all the same, and he selected the very loudest he could find, and that evening he showed Dorothy how to separate the five tissue-paper twists from the saw-dust in the box.

The little girl was greatly pleased with the "pitty shoot-things," and she put them in a little paper bag, with Kenneth's help, and carried it to bed with her.

Then Kenneth sat down by the crib, after she was tucked in, and carefully explained to her the whole process of firing off the torpedoes.

"See, this is the way you do, Dorothy," he said. "You take one in your hand like this, and you throw it down hard—*hard*, Dorrie, or it won't break—and it 'll go 'bang!' loud. Won't that be fun?"

Dorothy said that it would; and then she blinked, and very soon went off to sleep with the bag held tight in her two hands.

But the next day Dorothy not only wouldn't shoot her torpedoes herself, but she refused to allow anyone else to do it for her.

When Kenneth could spare a little time from his own fire-crackers, he coaxed her to "celebrate" with her torpedoes, but Dorothy wouldn't. She didn't want to "bweak her pitty shoot-things all up," she said.

Finally Kenneth gave up trying to persuade her and went off to his fire-crackers, leaving Dorothy to trot happily about the house all day, carrying her torpedo bag wherever she went.

Late in the afternoon Mama sat sewing up in her room, while Dorothy played on the floor beside her.

"Run down, dear, and tell Maggie to have strawberries for supper," Mama said, and Dorothy left her play to go.

Now Dorothy was in the habit, when she started down stairs with anything in her hand, of dropping whatever she held over the banisters, to save carrying it down. She liked to watch it fall, too, and strike the floor beneath. Sometimes it bounced and *that* was lots of fun!

So today when Dorothy came to the top of the stairs with

SHE PEEPED AWAY DOWN TO SEE IT STRIKE.

her torpedo bag in her hand, she didn't know any reason why she shouldn't do just as she always did.

Anyway, the bag was dropped over the rail, and then Dorothy peeped away down to see it strike.

What a noise! The five torpedoes went off like a pistol.

Mama and Auntie came running out, and Maggie came up from the kitchen.

The hall was full of smoke and dust, a broken bag lay on the floor, and there was no sign of Dorothy anywhere.

After a search, a very frightened and surprised little girl was found under the piano in the parlor (where Dorothy always hid when in trouble), and it was sometime before she could be comforted enough to sit in Mama's lap by the window and watch the rockets which were beginning to shoot up all over the city.

Kathleen Bassett.

A FINGER-PLAY.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Nellie sat under a tree,
Counting her fingers, "one, two and three"

"This little finger forgot to be good;
This one was naughty as ever it could;

"This tall one refused a thimble to wear,
To sew up a seam with patience and care;

"This next pointed out to Mary and Grace
Where Jennie had hidden—the very place!

"This big chunky thumb, with help of the next,
Pinched poor kitty's tail till kitty was vexed!

"I think I'll give them a shaking, and see
If then they will be good fingers for me!

"And yet, mama says," (Nellie tossed out her curls)
"Shaking don't make really good little girls!

"May be it's better to put
them to bed
To med-i-tate — that was
what grandpa said

"He'd do with me when my
feet ran away,
And took me along to the
meadow to play!"

Just then mama called, "O,
Nellie, come here!
(And Nellie came quick,)
"t'is your nap-time, dear.

"But, child," she exclaimed,
"what a curious thing!
That all your fingers wear
cots tied with string!"

"NAUGHTY FINGERS!" SAID NELLIE.

"My fingers wear nightgowns," then Nellie said;
"They were naughty, you know, so I put them to bed."

She wrapped them all in a handkerchief white;
"Naughty fingers," said she, "I bid you good night!"

Alice Hamilton Rich.

IT'S always a question whether
It shall rain, or sleet, or snow;
It's always a question whether
Sun shall shine, or wind shall blow;
And these "whethers" all together,
Make up what we call the Weather!

M. J. H.

WHEN THEY WERE THREE.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

HERE IS ROGGIE'S ELEPHANT.

AND HERE IS REGGIE'S CAMEL.

THEY TURNED SOMERSAULTS.

ROGGIE'S and Reggie's birthday came on the very same day because they were twins, you know. And when they were three years old their mother gave Roggie an ice-cream elephant and she gave Reggie an ice-cream camel.

And when Reggie ate his ice-cream elephant he found—what do you think he found?

Why he found a five-dollar gold piece in the heart of his ice-cream elephant!

And when Reggie ate his ice-cream camel, what do you think he found?

Why, he found a five-dollar gold piece in the heart of his ice-cream camel!

And Roggie turned three little somersaults on the rug, and he said, 'Oh, oh, I can buy everything now I'm as rich as papa!"

And Reggie turned three little somersaults on the rug, and he said, 'Oh, oh, I can buy everything now! I'm as rich as papa!"

And Roggie said, "May we go alone to town and buy whatever we please, Mama?"

And Reggie said, "Oh, yes, may we go all alone, Mama?"

And Mama said, "Oh, no, not alone, little sons, but you may choose who shall go with you."

And Roggie said, "I choose my Donny!"

And Reggie said, "I choose my Donny!"

And Mama laughed and said, "All right, put on your little caps and trot along to Donny."

And down the road those little boys trotted till they came to Donny's house. Donny was a big boy. He was nine years old!

And when Donny saw them coming he called, "Hello, boys!"

And Roggie and Reggie called "Hello, Donny!"

And oh, Donny's eyes were large with surprise when he saw those five-dollar gold pieces!

(They all rode to town on Donny's little pony—Roggie sat before and Reggie sat behind and Donny sat in the middle.

And when they came into the town the first thing they saw was a man with a monkey.

And Donny said, "Oh, if I were *you*, I'd buy that monkey!" And they spoke to the man and he sold them the monkey

And they went on down the street, and the next thing they saw was a woman with a parrot. And Donny said, "Oh, if I were *you* I'd buy that parrot!" And they spoke to the woman and she sold them the parrot.

And they went on down the street, and the next thing they saw was a

HERE THEY GO TO TOWN.

THE MONKEY THEY BOUGHT.

THE PARROT THEY BOUGHT.

HERE IS THE LITTLE DONKEY.

AND HERE IS THE PIGEON.

AND HERE THEY GO HOME.

man with a little mouse-colored donkey. And Donny said, "Oh, if I were *you* I'd buy that little mouse-colored donkey!"

And they spoke to the man and he laughed and said, "I'll give you this little donkey, but she is too wicked to sell—she is far too wicked to sell, oh, much too wicked!"

So the man gave them the wicked little mouse-colored donkey.

And they went on down the street, and the next thing they saw was a little girl with a plump little fan-tailed pigeon.

And Donny said, "Oh, if I were *you* I'd buy that fan-tailed pigeon!"

And they spoke to the girl and she sold them the fan-tailed pigeon.

And Donny blushed and said, "There is just one bright silver dollar left. If I were you I'd give it to the boy you like the best."

And Roggie said, "Oh, I like you best, Donny. I'll give it to you."

And Reggie said, "We'll give it to you!"

And Donny said, "Thank you!" and slipped that bright silver dollar into his pocket.

And then they went home and five big boys as big as Donny went with them and helped them with the animals, and they and Donny stayed all day and played.

Gertrude Smith.

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LOUISVILLE, GA.

Dear Little Folks:—I cannot tell you how much I like you. I have had a great many stories read to me, but I like those in *Little Folks* best of all. My Mama has just finished reading me "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I like it very much. She is reading me "Under the Lilacs" now. I am six years old and have a little sister who is four, her name is Alice. We have two Grandfathers and three Grandmothers.

I want to tell you about our old turkey-gobbler. He is the most quarrelsome gobbler I ever saw, he won't let any of us go near him unless we have a long switch; then sometimes we have to use it before he will let us pass him. Alice and I went to an Easter Egg Hunt which my Aunt gave to her little Society, last Saturday and had a splendid time. I found two eggs and Alice three. They were hidden all about in the grass and clover, and some of the little children found six or seven, but one little girl only found one.

My little sister liked the little poem called, "Lost—A Little Shoe," better than anything we have ever read in *Little Folks*. I am sorry that "Billy Boy Brown" is ended, I liked it so much!

I cannot write yet, so my Mama has written this for me. *Mattie Bethea Cheatham.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am one of your little readers, and am just getting over a long spell of illness. I have been in bed seven weeks, and my doctor says I am such a good, patient little girl that he wants me to write a story about "Harriet's Illness." So many lovely things have happened to me during my illness that it would make a long story. I have had so many flowers sent me that my room is like a garden in bloom. Next week I am going to sit up and then I shall soon be well. I shall be eight years old in June, and expect to have a birthday party, and Father is going to give me a wheel. I can ride any way but standing up on the saddle. Mother and I were so pleased when *Little Folks* came to-day. You see I have been taking *Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, but I shall like "Little Folks" so much! It is so nice, that I am going to give it to my little friends for Birthday and Christmas presents. I only wish it came every week! I have a dear little sister twenty months old, she is a very fat, jolly, little girl, and I just love her! We live in the city in winter, and in the country in summer, where we have a garden and twenty hens, and a black cat that belongs next door. I did so enjoy the

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letter in your Letter Bag from Hazel Bishop! How I should like to know a little girl who has so many animals and pets. I should like her to know that I take music lessons too. I would love to get a letter from her, and mother says I may send her my address if she will write to me. I hope my letter is not too long. You see I have nothing to do now but to lie here and think, except when I am being read to. I love all your stories. Goodbye, you dear "Little Folks."

Harriet Elizabeth Margerum.

KEEME, CALIF.

Dear Little Folks:— I am a little girl four years old and I live nearly 5000 feet above the Pacific ocean, in the mountains in California. My papa is a mining superintendent and so we live at the mine and it is seven miles from the railroad.

There are no children at all around here but I have a very big dog, two little kittens and my dolls and books and playthings. All summer we lived right out doors and slept in a tent at night. Now we have a little warm cabin to live in during the rainy season, but I play out of doors most of the time.

I help my Mama a good deal and I don't believe she would accomplish much without me to help her. Every day I take my wheelbarrow and bring in wood from the wood pile and Mamma says, "That't just lovely, Lilian, thank you very much." Once in a while she forgets to say it and then I always remind her.

The November *Little Folks* came yesterday and I like it better than any other book, and I like the poetry best. After Mama has read the verses to me a few times, I know them by heart. Then when I don't know what to do next I recite them to my dolls, and Mama says they are always glad to listen.

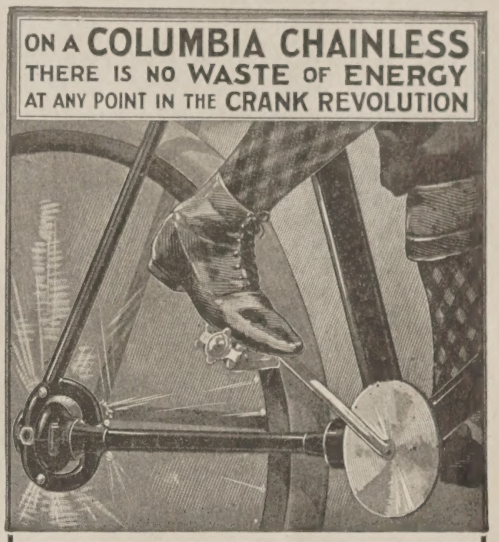
Last summer my Papa and his men killed eighteen rattlesnakes and one *miserable* thing bit my dear old doggums. Papa put ammonia in the bite right away and after he had hobbled around on three legs for a week he got well. I don't believe he will ever bother another snake.

Every day my mama takes me for a nice long walk, for I can walk two or three miles if some one will help me up the very steepiest places. I am pretty stout and strong because I eat a good deal, and I go to bed at six o'clock. One man who came to see us said to me, "Well I never saw a child before who asked to be put to bed!" After my nightie is on Mama reads to me out of *Little Folks* then I say a little prayer and Mama and Papa make me all comfy, and the first thing I know it is morning.

Lilian Edith Selleck.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. My little twin sisters take you but I like the stories myself although I am ten years old. I go to the Linead school and am in the fourth grade. Arithmetic is my favorite study. It is Sunday and is raining but I am going to Sunday school, I have not missed any Sundays this year except when I was away. We went up to Crystal Lake, Michigan, in vacation and had many funny experiences. We went out fishing a few times and caught so many fish that we



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had them for dinner every day for a long time. Charlotte and Jessie Gates who live right next door to us were up there with us and we all went in bathing together and had lots of fun. We took our little dolls up there and made many cute dresses for them. Now I will close hoping you will have many new subscribers for next year.

Isabel Hewtit.

HEBRON, NEB.

Dear Little Folks:—I have not written to you before and I thought that I would write and tell you what I think of you. As soon as I get all the stories read once, I am wishing the next number would come. I am a little girl nine years old and will be ten in September. I like "The Roggie and Reggie Stories" and "Billy Boy Brown" a little the best. I like them *all* very much. We have a horse, a cow, two kittens and some chickens. Papa has a shoe store, and he made a play house for me out of the old shoe boxes. It is large enough for me to play in, and I enjoy it very much. Yours truly,

Olive Hizers.

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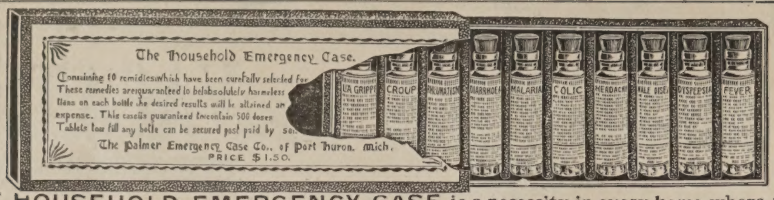
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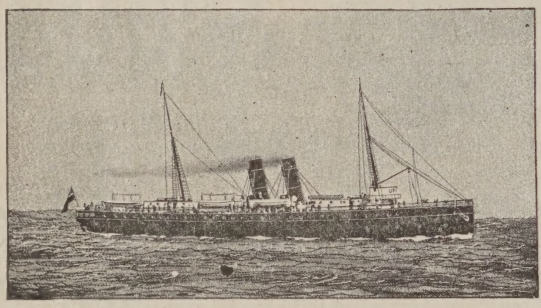

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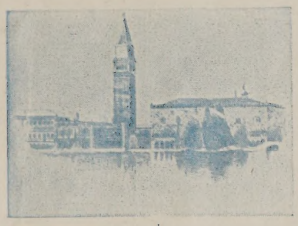

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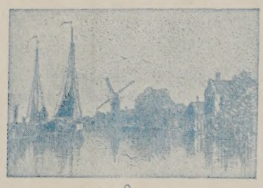

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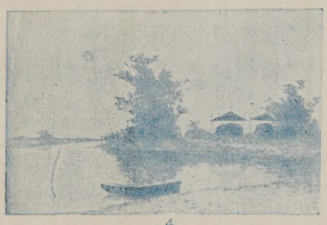

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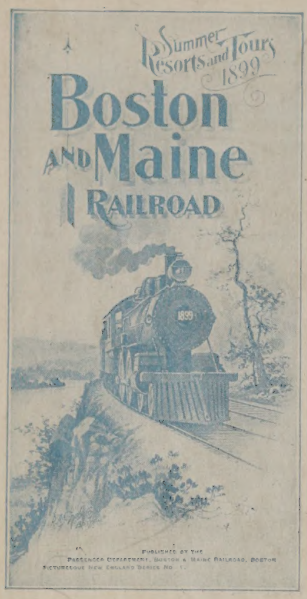

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